

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day's news from that organization.

The State Journal is published daily except on Sundays and public holidays.

Information that the national house of representatives was in session for all of eight minutes on Thursday is encouraging to the taxpayers.

New York city is short seven hundred school teachers. She need not look Kansasward. None of our real flowers of the sun can be spared. All are needed at home and a few more.

Joined with the slogan to do Christmas shopping now should be the admonition to Topekans to do their Sunday shopping today. By all means don't forget a supply of soap for the weekly bath.

During his chat with the president Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, received Mr. Roosevelt's views on municipal government. It's dollars to doughnuts that the Ohio man had no chance to express his views on national government.

With Roosevelt emphatically out of the running a lot of possibilities for Republican presidential honors, in addition to those already in the field, will loom up. Governor Cummins, of Iowa, naively intimates that he will get in the race. That's the proper spirit to show. The more, the merrier.

This controversy between Stuyvesant Fish and the Harriman crowd over the control of the Illinois Central is getting to be tiresome to say the least. Each side has used more words to define its positions than the average Roosevelt message contains and nothing in the way of definite results seems to be within the ken of anyone.

News that will not be conducive to the hilarious joy of several communities in Kansas comes in telegrams from Oklahoma. These are to the effect that the new state intends to take drastic steps to prevent the piling of natural gas outside its borders.

Luckily, Topeka does not have to depend on Oklahoma for its gas supply, light though it may be in times of need.

That peace protocol which has been arranged between the federal department of justice and E. H. Harriman will not set well with many people. If Harriman has been guilty of any crime in his railroad machinations he should be prosecuted. If he has not offended the laws he should be let alone. And again if he has violated the laws there is no room for a compromise.

Will the prohibition of the sale of candy on Sunday extend to the little automatic boxes on the backs of the theater seats? Will a person who drops a dime in one of them for a box of sweets be considered a participant in crime and arrested for helping a dummy negotiate a sale of candy? A legal opinion on this proposition from one Drenning would be interesting.

Senatorial dignity, that really terrible bogie which so often thwarts the accomplishment of many of the desirable projects of the government, has been ruffled again. Aldrich and some of the other dignitaries are insistent to think that some of the executive departments should really draft bills expressing their ideas and send them to congress to be acted on. These insults will probably be appeased by the senate killing all such measures regardless of their merits.

A sign that the millennium is hurrying on its way to Montgomery county is found in the fact that some joints were raided in Coffeyville a couple of days ago. You may rest assured that the city officials were not responsible for the raid. No, indeed. It was the county officials who got busy. Now there is talk ofousting the city officials from their positions for their connivance in the violation of their statutory law. Such justice is certainly due them and the officials of other cities too numerous to mention.

If it were not known that the news of the meeting of the Democratic national committee at Washington had been furnished by reliable reporters, it would have taken lots of imagination to believe that any fuss had been made by members of the committee over the propriety of accepting any money from Denver in excess of the real expenses of the national convention. As a matter of fact it is impossible to imagine that the national Democratic committee

tee, or any other campaign committee for that matter, would seriously consider the turning down any sort of a contribution to its funds. It is not hard to recognize a play to the galleries.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

THE BOY PROBLEM.

The Lord called Samuel; and he answered. Here I am.—1 Samuel 3:4.

The juvenile court has become part of the equipment of every progressive city. The fundamental reason for this is that everybody perceives the importance of saving society's boys.

An ancient story, which goes deeper than many modern books upon the boy problem, is the Old Testament's narrative of the boy Samuel.

Not only because it suggests the influences which shape a boy's destiny, and thus, in turn, mould a nation—but also because it is one of the most delightful idylls in the collection of great tales, this story of Samuel is worth studying. There is little essential difference between a boy of three thousand years ago and a boy of today. Like the "Old-time religion," of which the evangelists sing, what was good for Samuel in Shiloh is good for boys in this western world which was undreamed of in his day.

Back of the story of Samuel lies the story of Hannah, his pious mother who was in bitterness of soul because she had no children. Upon one of the annual pilgrimages to Shiloh, Hannah vowed that if Jehovah would give her a son she would dedicate the child to his service.

Every mother dreams dreams for her boy. Sometimes dreams so lofty that she dare not articulate them to herself, much less to anybody else. But underlying every other ambition of a noble mother is the desire that her son may be a good man. With the deep instinct of a maternal heart, she perceives that all other successes are vain, apart from a true character. It used to be the common prayer of the women of Christendom that their boys might enter the gospel ministry; perhaps that this has gone out of fashion is one reason why there is such a dearth of candidates for the sacred calling. Hannah is not being emulated as she brought her infant son up to the tabernacle to offer him in service to Jehovah. Every year thereafter the mother carried to the boy a little robe, into which was wrought such love and solicitude as only mothers can know.

This is a story of a boy who lived his life in and about a church. Perhaps that may militate against the present day attractiveness of it; yet Samuel was by no means a "goody-goody" boy, a milkop or a mollycoddle. That type is rightly sneered at today. This sentiment, however, may become too sweeping.

Samuel's greatness can be traced directly back to his boyhood environment.

The imagination loves to dwell upon the picture of this little Hebrew lad, busy about the small tasks of the great central place of worship. He was a prop and comfort to old Eli, the High Priest, whose own sons had failed him. What were Samuel's broodings upon the glory and mystery of that Presence which had been Israel's guide and protector throughout its romantic history?

"A boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long, long." The purposes which most profoundly affect character and destiny are those formed in early youth.

One night Samuel heard a voice calling him. He thought it was Eli's voice. It is natural to put the lower interpretation upon the higher influences of a person seldom discerns the real meaning of the greatest events in his heart history. What happens to a boy often works out into mighty events in the world's history. One day when Moody and Sankey were in England, Sankey put his hand upon the head of a little Gypsy boy and expressed the wish that one day he might preach the gospel. That boy became "Gypsy Smith," England's greatest evangelist. His preaching turned to evangelism Dr. W. J. Dawson, a well known literary man among the clergy. Dr. Dawson's sermon on prayer converted Prof. E. E. Hale, Jr., whose addresses among educated young men have been a feature of contemporary American life.

As have also the sermons of Dr. Dawson and Gypsy Smith. No man can tell where the streams will run that have their springs in the heart of a boy.

In modern slang, Samuel would be called a boy "on the job." He was a little "minute man." No sluggard or lie-a-bed was he; at the first summons he was ready with a "Here am I," as he hurried to Eli's side. Then was imparted to Samuel, by the Lord's voice, the news of the impending doom of Eli's house. It was a bitter message for the lad to have to hear and carry. His manner of receiving it was great. After pondering its meaning through the night he went about the humdrum duty of opening the doors and fulfilling his routine tasks. Happy is he who knows how to hold fast to commonplace, routine duty, even amid the tragedies of life. When bidden to do so, Samuel told brave old Eli every whit that the Lord had spoken to him.

Out of such boyhood experiences emerged Israel's prophet, judge and king-maker. Somewhere today are the lads who will be tomorrow's great men. Are they "only boys" now, wise are their elders who look upon them in the light of what they will become. Every boy is an opportunity. Many a noble man's greatest work has been his touch upon the life of some boy. Woman's greatness is chiefly won through her supreme power over her boys. For the boy problem is simply the man problem, in its stage of greatest possibility.

STOESSEL, THE MARTYR.

Can anything be more revealing to the generous humanity of modern times or to the justice that men deal out to one another than the spectacle being enacted in Russia today in the trial for life of Lieutenant General Stoessel for his "needless" surrender of Port Arthur. The time has long since passed, if it ever existed, when officers of an

army should ever be compelled to stand trial for life because of being defeated honestly in battle. That was the sort of a defeat Stoessel suffered.

But disregarding such an argument, Stoessel, of all the Russian generals who participated in the Russo-Jap war, is the last who should be accused of cowardice. His six months' defense of Port Arthur was gallant. Although it ended in failure this effort of his was one of the brilliant achievements on the part of the Russians during the entire war. His surrender to the overwhelming army of Nogi was inevitable.

And what a tragic fate this trial of Stoessel is. It is not a trial such as is known among righteous men. Think of it. Stoessel is arraigned before an unfriendly court to answer to a ridiculous charge, a court consisting of ten Russian officers who lost twice ten battles through blunders and cowardice on the field and graft at home.

No wonder Stoessel's men regard him as doomed, a foredoomed martyr. For a martyr he will be. His trial means nothing else than that his detractors and persecutors are using him to cover up their criminal practices in the handling of Russia's army. Stoessel has been picked out as a sacrificial victim to atone for the sins of the Russian war office.

This sacrifice will be a heavy one for Russian bureaucracy to make. Stoessel is the one general of the whole Russian army who is beloved by the down-trodden people. Already their voices of protest are beginning to rumble with a noise that is portentous. Stoessel, murdered by his inferior superiors will surely be avenged. His foredoomed doom is fanning again the flames of a revolution which was quenched with blood. Once more will the streets of Russia run red, this time in such torrents, perhaps, as will engulf for all time its despotic government. If Stoessel's murder shall be the spark to kindle a fire which will make the people of Russia free, neither his life nor death will have been in vain.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

This talk of restocking the sea sounds a bit fishy.

It isn't modesty with many women who shy at low neck dresses. It's moles.

Lots of boys, who insist on getting married, do not profit by their fathers' examples.

Extravagance is generally the forerunner of poverty.

A good deal of the wealth of financiers is imaginary.

High-flying hardly pays for you don't know where you are apt to light.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Iola has a man who promises to find a husband for \$5 each. That surely is cheap enough.

Emporia has been entertained lately by a crowd of college boys who indulged in a night shirt parade.

Where was not much doing in McPherson county last week and the Populists started the Hessian fly scare again. It was in McPherson county that the green bug got notorious.

Glenn county is evidently not fond of promiscuous hugs. They have complained to the town marshal of the undesirable activity of two Jack-the-huggers.

A rabbit hunt between opposing teams was held at Selden last week with thirty men on each side. The hunt lasted from sunup to sundown and the total was 3,042 rabbits killed.

There is one thing that has been gnawing on the mind of the Lawrence Gazette for a long time. It notices that the poultry shows are the best that ever happened, but no eggs come to town.

Folk around Opolis are considerably worked up over the ravages of a "wild dog" which is cutting up rampages in barnyards by biting hogs and eating up chickens. Probably it is a ravenous wolf.

C. Kloepper, a German farmer living two and a half miles southwest of Huron, has a remarkable record. He has a record of locality to be this year's record patch of corn. From seven and a half acres of sod ground he husked 863 bushels of shelled corn, an average of 115 bushels to the acre.

The newspaper men of Osborne county were guests of the editor of the Alton Empire at a Sunday dinner, recently, and they all praise it as one of the most successful ones they have ever enjoyed. The Concordia Kansan, commenting on the incident, says: "We'd hate to risk feeding with some of the Osborne county editors, we know we'd get strychnine in our soup."

"Billy" Morgan makes a bright remark occasionally and this is one of the good things he says: "J. R. Burton says that the White Hollie liquor has been sold in large quantities during the Roosevelt regime, and that the president himself drinks to excess. Which recalls Lincoln's Grant was a whisky drinker to the effect that he would like to get some of the same kind of whisky for the rest of the generals in the army."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Swift men are seldom fast friends, the secret of success is to aim high and stick to it.

Nature seldom stores a lot of brains behind a pretty face.

Be sure you are wrong before you go away back and sit down.

Men always feel sorry for the married man who talks in his sleep.

It's easier to drive some men to drink than it is to hold them back.

Men seldom fly for their lives when they meet a woman who is dressed to kill.

Talk is said to be cheap, but many a man has had to pay dear for things he said.

Did you ever notice how much easier it is for the average man to be poor than honest?

Our idea of an odd man is one who doesn't try to get even with some one or other.

Many a man knows from experience that it is far easier to find a wife than it is to lose her.

Some people rank as high with some people as dishonest wealth does with some others.

Some men start out to look for trouble and then find it. Some men start out to find it and then find it.

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KANSAS COMMENT

MR. CORTELYOU.

Secretary Cortelyou has begun to loom up as a presidential possibility in his own mind. Mr. Cortelyou is a man who gets credit for deep thinking by never expressing an opinion. He began his political career as Grover Cleveland's stenographer, and then, under the name of "The Cabinet Officer," and then chairman of the Republican national committee.

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